

## A Hideous Symphony

a manifesto written by Tres Genco, the socially exiled Incel.

I have taken it upon myself the task of writing what I know will be the summation of my struggles, and result in an epitome of my image to those that read this. I would hope these words resonate in sweet familiarity to fellow incels, either cognizant of their situation or not. There is no such thing as sorrow, only acknowledgement, and I acknowledge my predetermined fate of being forced into a miserable existence at the hand of genetics, the hand responsible for sculpting my horrendous face, and lackluster stature.

On this date which I am writing this, August the 3rd, 2019, I have come to the conclusion that death as inevitable as it is, is not in an immediate most form that my mind can be permitted to endure. I am already set to go into the U.S Army as a 11X, should the fates had permitted I'd been airborne, or I will work towards the achievement of it. But I digress, this training will be for the attainment of one reality, the death of what I have been deprived most, but also cherish and fantasize at the opportunity of having but has been neglected of; Women.

I will slaughter out of hatred, jealousy, and revenge. I don't hate women in any other sense that I will never have one that loves me. I believe it an entitlement to feel love and happiness, to enjoy something so many base their lives around. Many people live solely for their wives and children and would kill themselves if they lost them, but I have no hope of ever even having these things for any variety of time, so I lack the chance for them to be taken from me. I will never be tolerated the chance to prove how great a father I can be and how loving a husband. I will never be capable of embracement by one you love, not out of lack of desire, but because I have no opportunity of such a thing. These facts, they are an unbearable weight weighed upon my mind.

If only one woman had given me a poor excuse of an opportunity, I would not be writing these words, and more importantly feeling them within my depressed heart.

I will take away the power of life that they withhold from me, by showing there is more than just happiness and fulfillment, there is all encompassing death, the great equalizer that will bear all of us into its seductively calm velvet of silence and serenity.

What I will lack is sorrow and a mixture of self destructive emotions for my inferiority as a human yet unmatched, what they will lose is so much more worth grieving for.